

Virtue Was Vot Rewarded.

"Women are queer creatures and mighty hard to understand," said the man with the heavy mustache. The others held similar opinions, and no one objected to the statement.

"There is no pleasing them," he continued. "Now, my wife is a woman. Just a plain, common sort of a woman. She objects to bibulous habits, and if she smells liquor on my breath, which she does frequently, she declares I am a drunkard and urges me to take the gold cure. All the same I drink occasionally, although I dread the rumpus that I know will follow the indulgence. So I have hit on the plan of sort of confining my libations to such times as I have committed some other act for which my wife is prone to create a disturbance. I am thus able to kill two birds with one stone, so to speak."

"Doesn't she allow you any latitude whatever?" inquired a listener.

"None at all," was the reply. "She wants me to be sweet as new-mown grass all the time. Well, the other night I was downtown late, having a quiet little game. I had resolved to please my wife, and so I did not take a drink. There was plenty to be had, and the other fellows had it, but I refrained from indulging, although it required a great exertion of my will. I went home tolerably early, for I could not bear to sit around while the other fellows were drinking and not join in. I reached home feeling justly proud and virtuous. My wife met me at the door, and, under pretext of kissing me, she smelled my breath. Would you believe it, she was so mad she did not speak to me for two days."

"Thought you had been drinking, eh?"

"No; that was not the trouble. She can trust her nose all right, and she knew I was sober as a judge. That's what made her mad. She had prepared a beautiful lecture she was going to give me, and when I went home sober there was no opportunity to spring it. Mad? Well, I guess so. What'll ye have?"

The Prairie Pronouncing School.

"You would never think Miss Bell was from the far West."

"Why not?"

"She's so well read and so punctilious about her pronunciation."

"She just told me her favorite book was Cervantes's 'Don Coyote.'"

IT DEPENDED.



TORCHLIGHT—Do you think the bicycle is an immoral factor?
SCORCHLEIGH—What makes?

Unconsciously Scorching.

"Hold on, there!" yelled the policeman.

The girl wheeled her bicycle around sharply and came to a stand-still.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"You were scorching," said the officer, shortly.

"How dare you?" the fair wheelwoman flashed back. "Don't you suppose I know how fast I was going? I think it is a great shame that any one should be allowed to stop and insult people in this way, even if he is a policeman. I won't put up with it. I shall take your number and your name and address and report you to the Board of Health, or whatever it is; and then we will see if this sort of thing can be done with impunity."

"I tell you, I will not stand it," she went on, stamping her foot with rage. "I was pedalling less than six miles an hour. I know I was. And yet you accuse me of scorching! Why?"

Just then a peculiar odor made her look down at her bloomers, and

The Discovery of a Genius.

It was the editor's busy day, but the sign over his desk which proclaimed this fact to the obtrusive world, stayed not the onslaught of Mr. Reginald de Hotpen, the most profoundly realistic word-painter in the whole Cafe Martin School of Literature. Boldly he advanced where "angels" of a lesser degree of effulgent glory "feared to tread," and proclaimed himself in stentorian tones, touching with the tips of his thin, artistic fingers the spot on his heaving bosom where, in the language of the poet, "the heart panteth to be free."

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.



1 "Solved at last! I shall fly, I shall fly!"

laughing-gas, with the pathos of a raw onion. It will be the grandest hit of the times."

The editor drew a deep sigh. "What's the title, sir?"

"It is called 'Home from Seashore and Mountains; or, What Happened When the Pound 'Where He Was At' During Her Long Absence.' Illustrated from photographs of the author's own wounds; also of the wine cellar after the cyclone, and including the deadly portraits of the typewriters in question, taken by Shorty, the Champen Tintypist, of Coney's Isle."

The editor snorted like a war-horse at the smell of gunpowder, fell upon the author's neck and wept for joy. "At last!" he cried, "I have found the great American novel!" And forthwith he ordered them each a asafetida-fizz, with a dash of essence of snake oil bark to give it the bracer tone.

Hard Hit.

OLD JIMLETS—Dearest, before we were married you used to fairly dote on me.

MRS. JIMLETS (sourly)—Yes; but you have given me the antidote too often since, my dear!

Playing a Part.

SHE—You looked like a fool when you proposed to me.

HE—That was on purpose. I wanted to be cepted.



IT STANDS TO REASON.



NOT USED TO IT.

MANAGER—What is Antio, the comedian, so mad about?

STAGE MANAGER—He says the audience laughed at him.

"Where do you hail from?" asked the icicle.

"From the clouds," replied the truthful hall-stone.

she saw that her lamp had flared up too high and got red hot.

A Wise Precaution.

LOTHARIO (with feeling)—Dearest, do you think that your father will look with favor upon my suit?

MADGE (eyeing him critically)—Yes; but to make sure you had better shake your "uncle's" camphor balls out of the pockets.

How to Tell.

"There has been another great battle in Cuba," said Mrs. Dimling, who had the newspaper.

"Who won, the Spaniards or the Cubans?" asked Mr. Dimling.

"The caption doesn't say, and I haven't read the article yet."

"Well, where did the report come from, Havana or Key West?"



2 And he flew.

sence of snake oil bark to give it the bracer tone.

"IS YER MAMMIE ALWAYS WITH YE?"

